

DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through
And even when you find them
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtues behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of the
light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding.
It is better by far to look for a star,
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean.
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's
course
And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe—
Remember it lived before you.
Don't butt at the storm with your puny
form
But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the better.
Some things must go wrong your whole life
long
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle;
The wise man shapes himself to God's plan
As the water shapes into a vessel.
—Selected.

STORE TELLER.

A PRINCE'S WAGER.

Toward the end of the second empire,
Prince Edmond de Karival
was one of the most brilliant of the
Boulevard des Italiens.

Very blond, pale, tall and slender,
imperceptibly phlegmatic—a temper-
ament touching zero—with the aid
of his enormous fortune he amused
society by his freaks and fancies,
even condescending occasionally to
astound the populace.

One evening he gave a grand dinner
at his own mansion; the cheer was
exquisite and the dessert was served
in a whirl of gaiety.

"Very well; let us wager," cried the
prince suddenly, replying to a
challenge from the opposite end of
the table, "that without having
stolen, murdered, injured my fellow
beings in any way, without having
committed any sort of crime, broken
any law or regulation, I get myself
arrested when I please and dragged
to a station like a vagabond, a thief,
an assassin!"

He spoke in the icy tone from
which he never departed, even when
making the most extraordinary state-
ments or propositions, and his words
cut clearly through the laughter and
conversation. Every one turned to-
ward him in surprise. During the
silence which followed he added:

"I wager 2,000 louis—who will
take it?"

There were wealthy men around
the board, well used to heavy stakes,
but the magnitude of the sum start-
led them. Before taking up the wa-
ger they wished to determine the con-
ditions clearly.

"There is no double meaning?—no
play of words or anything like that?"
queried the fat Duke de Morvella.

"Not in the least," replied the
prince; "I will give you my word as
a gentleman."

"But," suggested another, "you will
probably proceed to do one of those
actions which, without being classed
as offenses, yet arouse the police. As,
for example, you show yourself in
public in such an extravagant or re-
markable costume that will be follow-
ed by a crowd of jeering urchins, and
to put a stop to the disorder an officer
will be obliged to conduct you to a
station, where he will lend you a less
conspicuous attire."

"You are quite wrong," replied de
Karival, "for I should get myself
taken up for wearing some extraordi-
nary costume, the officer would know
very well that he had only to deal
with an eccentric character, and oddi-
ty otherwise inoffensive. No; I tell
them they will grasp me by the collar
and drag me to the station, believing they
are conducting a malefactor, while I
shall be perfectly innocent of any fault
or misdemeanor, transgressing no en-
actment."

"Well, then, how will you go
about it?" exclaimed Gastambide, the
banker, who was very nervous and ex-
citable.

"Ah, that—is my secret! You can
understand that if I told you that be-
forehand!"

"Of course!" interrupted Gastam-
bide, "but I have it now! You will
tap a policeman on the shoulder say-
ing: 'Old fellow, I'm your man. I
have killed all my family in a mo-
ment of frenzy. Remorse is choking
me. Take me up, old fellow, let the
law do its worst!'"

They shouted with laughter. "The
idea of the Prince de Karival tap-
ping a policeman on the shoulder, call-

ing him "old fellow" and begging
relief for his remorse awoke the wild-
est merriment. The prince alone pre-
served his cool gravity. He explained
quietly to the impetuous banker
that his intention was not only to
abstain from evil doing, but even to
avoid any words or actions capable of
provoking his arrest. And he repeat-
ed:

"Who takes up the 2,000 louis?"
"I do!" cried Gastambide, with an
exuberant gesture.

The next day, about 7 o'clock in
the evening, when the boulevards
swarmed with people and the restau-
rants began to fill up, a shabby
wretch made his way through the
crowd with bent head and wretched
gaze, picking up here and there the
cigar ends that others throw away.

The man was still young and had
evidently fallen from a higher rank,
to judge from the distinction of his
pale, refined face, his patrician hands,
his general bearing. Very tall and
thin, he must once have been an ele-
gant figure in society. Now he was
reduced—by what vice or misfortune?

—to old shoes with broken elastics,
down at the heel and patched on the
toe; to trousers shiny at the knees
and frayed around the hems; to a
wretched coat, faded and worn, which
was buttoned to the throat to conceal
the lack of linen. An old felt hat,
which looked as if it might have been
fished from a rubbish heap, slouched
over his head, and perhaps to give
himself the illusion of a shirt collar,
or may be under the influence of old
habit, he had tied around his neck an
old black silk cravat which looked as
if it might have been worried by a
family of playful puppies.

Still it was evident that this un-
fortunate man was not discouraged
or despairing, for in all his misery
there was a certain care and cleanli-
ness not usually apparent in men of
his class.

As he passed before Vigneron, a
restaurant then very fashionable, he
stopped for a few seconds to look in
at the bright windows with their gui-
pure hangings, through which he
could see the diners seated opposite
to richly dressed ladies and dividing
their attentions between the exqui-
site viands and their fair companions.
At this moment a gentleman and lady
got out of a carriage and entered the
dining-room. Through the open door
the shabby man could see a center
table laden with fruits and early
vegetables, while toward him wafted
that odor of repast so disagreeable to
those who have just dined, so delect-
able to the hungry.

He advanced, and before the door
closed entered and timidly placed
himself at the first empty table.

But he was scarcely seated when
the head waiter, a very distinguished
and stylish looking individual, per-
ceived him and hurried toward him
with an expression of annoyance.

"What are you doing there, you?"
"Why," replied the unfortunate,
pointing to the other guests, "I come
to eat like all these people."

He spoke so seriously that it was
impossible to think he had been drink-
ing. The head waiter concluded that
he must be weak minded, and said
sarcastically:

"You have mistaken the hour and
the door, my good man; the soup
kitchen is around the corner, and the
soup is dispensed in the morning." He
shook his napkin at the intruder
to chase him off, as one would a
troublesome fly. His appearance
certainly did not grace the establish-
ment. But the other did not seem
disposed to quit his place.

"I don't care much for soup," he
answered, "and the food given out in
the morning would not suit me."

The head waiter was struck with
the purity of his accent and the re-
finement of his tone. "This is no
born vagabond," he thought; "it is
some man of position, ruined by
gambling."

"And," continued the shabby one,
"there is no reason why you should
not serve me a dinner when I am
ready to pay it. There—if you have
any doubt—there is my pocket-book." He
opened his old coat and from an
inside pocket drew out a pocket-book
stuffed with bank notes. Selecting
one he handed it to the waiter.

"You may look at it closely; you
will see it is not a counterfeit."

It was a note for a thousand francs,
and there were at least fifty others in
the purse to judge from its volume.
The waiter took it and scrutinized it
for several instants with wide nostrils
and meditative frown. Then abrupt-
ly raising his head, like a man who
makes a prudent resolution, he return-
ed the bank note to its owner.

The latter made a movement as if
to rise, saying:
"Now if you refuse to serve me I
will go elsewhere."

But the head waiter quickly begged
him to remain.

"No, no; stay. Give your order." Then
calling one of his subordinates he
pointed to the man. "Take this
gentleman's order," adding rapidly in
a low tone: "Do not lose sight of
him. Do not let him go out." He
presently disappeared.

Five minutes later he returned ac-
companied by a policeman.

All the occupants of the restaurant
had opened their eyes wide when the
vagabond installed himself at the
table, and had watched him since
then with marked disapproval. No
one doubted that it was he whom the
officer had come to seek, and every
head was turned to see what was go-
ing to happen.

Sure enough, the officer went di-
rectly toward him. He continued to
enjoy a savory slice without seeming
to notice the sensation he had created.
He even started like one suddenly
awakened when the man in uniform
touched his shoulder.

"Eh? What? Is anything the
matter?" He did not seem to under-
stand.

They explained. Bank notes for a
thousand francs were not usually pro-
duced from such pockets as his. To
have them he must have stolen them!
He defended himself energetically,
but his protestations were in vain.

"I doubt if you can show a single
paper or certificate of character,"
observed the agent.

"It is true; I cannot. But proba-
bly none of these persons present can
immediately produce passports or
proofs for identification."

"No certificates. You have at
least a name. Come, then, who are
you?"

"I am the Prince Edmond de Karival."

"Why not the king of England?"
sneered the officer.

"England is governed by a queen,"
began the man.

"Enough, enough! no need for
further explanations. Follow me!"
And grasping his shoulder with his
large hand the policeman forced him
to rise and conducted him to the
station.

The wager was won.

Then, from the lower end of the
restaurant, the fat Duke de Morvella,
the lively Gastambide and the others
rose, followed and interposed, explain-
ing the adventure to the policeman.

He was so overcome with astonish-
ment, so eager to apologize and so
confused that in his haste to bow
them out he thrust his cocked hat
through a pane of glass, while bend-
ing low and murmuring indistinctly:
"Prince!—Prince!—Translated
from the French of Henry Paget for
Romance by Sophie Earl."

"Dame Trot" in Connecticut.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., July 31, 1892.

DEAR JOURNAL:—This letter leaves
me well and happy among friends
and relatives in Bridgeport, Conn.
My mother and stepfather accom-
panied me here, and we had a de-
lightful time, while traveling. We
left Hoosick Falls, N. Y., on the
2 p.m. train for Troy, and at 7:30 p.m.
we sailed down the Hudson to New
York on the steamer "City of Troy,"
and arrived there at 8 a.m. the next
day. We walked to a restaurant,
had breakfast, and then rode around
the city on the elevated road, and
visited the Battery. At 1 p.m. we
boarded the steamer, "Rosdale,"
and started on our voyage up the
East River and the Sound for Bridge-
port, and arrived here safe and
sound. My grandmother met us at
the dock, and escorted us to her home,
which is at 825 Main Street, first
floor, where I am now comfortably
situated, and expect the mates of this
city to call on me.

There is a little deaf-mute boy,
about ten years old, who lives up
stairs in the same house with us. His
name is John Shultz, and he is a
pupil of the Mystic School.

There is also a deaf-mute girl,
about eleven years old, living two
doors away from here. Her name is
Katie Maloney. She is also a pupil
of the Mystic School. I saw her last
night, and talked with her. She is
real pretty and quite smart.

I passed two deaf-mutes on Main
Street yesterday afternoon. They
were young men, and were talking
together on their fingers. I did not
wish to interrupt them so I passed on.
I think perhaps they were John Muth

and Robert Livingston. I hope they
will call on me soon, and introduce
me to Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Beers and
Mrs. Cook.

While in New York City, the heat
was so intense that we were obliged
to remain in a restaurant to cool off.
I saw a horse drop dead from the
heat, and a large crowd of men col-
lected on the spot. It was a car
horse, and the car was loaded with
people. It was a painful sight, and I
could not bear to look at it.

Yesterday I bought some tissue
paper, and made some flowers. I will
make some other pretty ornaments
for my grandmother, while I am here.

I expect to go over to East Bridge-
port to-morrow, and visit Mrs. Pen-
field, Mrs. B. Lawton and Lillie
Luther, and other friends. Saturday
afternoon will find me at Seaside
Park, where I will enjoy bathing and
hunting for sea-shells.

There is scarcely any news worth
writing this time, as I have not been
here long enough to pick up any
thing of importance. Will do better
next time, so I will close this letter
with regards to all.

DAME TROT.

EASTON, PA.

At the invitation of "Hypo" we
spent several days in Easton, Pa.,
last week. "Hypo" informed us
that owing to the pressure of business,
and of his duties at home as husband
and father, he found it impossible to
write for the JOURNAL, and added
"there wasn't much to write any way
since the Easton Deaf-Mute Society
gave up the ghost." Indeed we
found Easton a quiet place, and can
account for the change of things, that
Lafayette College is closed.

Rev. Mr. Koehler, the rector of
All Souls' Church, Philadelphia, Pa.,
makes a monthly visit to Easton.
Mayhap, this goes a great way in
making Easton's deaf citizens law-
abiding, but methinks it was the
heat, we were hardly able to move
about. The mercury rose up to 101,
yet our genial friend, "Hypo," man-
aged to have some fun all the same.

On meeting a clubmate, he asked
him if he would not accompany him
to the Delaware to skate, and one
evening after partaking of ice cream,
we passed through an alley; here we
met a policeman, and "Hypo," who
was in a joking mood, asked the
guardian of the peace to point out for
him the best place he could enter for
plunder.

We could give more of the many
funny things "Hypo" said, but the
above are enough, we presume, to
show that "Hypo" yet retains his old
time wit and humor, even in mid-
summer.

Almost everybody who has visited
Easton know Mr. and Mrs. Elam
Will, who reside on Ferry Street.
Mr. Will has been employed steadily
as a cabinetmaker in the Lehigh Val-
ley Railroad shops for the past twelve
years; last week however, he was
suspended. This is because the Lehigh
road has been leased by the Pennsylv-
ania Railroad, and as they have
shops of their own, they have been
obliged to reduce expenses. Over
three hundred employees were expel-
led outright, but Mr. Will expects to
go back to work on the 1st of August,
otherwise he will seek employment
elsewhere, and as he is a first-class
cabinetmaker, he will not have much
trouble in securing another job. His
son Willie is on a week's vacation to
Atlantic City.

Mr. Ed. Heller, a Fanwood gradu-
ate, lives happily with his family on
10th and Lehigh, and works in the
Felt Shoe Works. Recently two of
his boys without permission stole
away quietly from home with a num-
ber of other boys to the river. An
accident happened in which one of
the boys was drowned, the Heller
boys dreaded punishment, and being
too young to render the drowning
boy any help they could only cry for
help, but this they did not do for the
above reason. They silently stole
away from the scene, but were later
in the day found out all the same.

In the Stewart Wire Works here,
two deaf-mutes are employed. They
are Messrs. S. K. Price and H. Rie-
gel. Both are married and seem con-
tented with their lot.

John Lehr owns and conducts a
small shoe shop, and is doing well.

Chas. Staser prefers to work in a
shoe factory, and he too seems to be
getting along nicely.

There are two composers on the
Daily Argus, Messrs. Isaac R. Car-
ney and Will E. Davis. Mr. Carney
claims to be the champion deaf-mute

pool player of Easton. We state the
fact at his request, but we saw him
beaten by our friend "Hypo."

Mr. Cornelius Delory has thrown
up his job in the Lehigh Valley Rail-
road shop, and secured a better place
in the Soap Stone Mills at better pay.
Ere long he expects to bid farewell
to the Bachelor Club, and get mar-
ried. Good luck to you, Cornelius.

Messrs. Moses Moses, William
King and Miss Hoffstader, pupils of
the Philadelphia Institution, are home
spending their vacation.

Mr. Alex. L. Pach is still the lead-
ing photographer here. His business
has increased to such an extent that
now he has to employ six assistants
during winter, but during the dog
days, he is able to get along with only
three. His motto is "Not how cheap,
but how good." Mr. Pach has a
horse and wagon to deliver his orders,
in this and everything else he is
ahead in his profession, and we con-
gratulate him on his achievement,
which is truly remarkable for one
who is deaf.

A. Q.

THE GALLAUDET HOME.

A plumber came over from the vil-
lage, Wednesday, three weeks ago,
and made some repairs in the house.

Misses Bessie and Margaret Cham-
berlain, and their sister, Adelaide, are
coming here soon to spend a week,
and will enjoy lots of fun, and have
Julia Gardner for company.

Sixteen of the inmates are grad-
uates of the New York Institution,
and one of them was a member of the
High Class, while Dr. I. L. Peet had
charge of it.

Mrs. Mary A. Carlin, of New York
City, sent articles of wearing apparel
to the home the middle of last month.

Visitors dropped in, and were
shown through the building on a re-
cent lovely afternoon.

We are looking forward to our an-
nual picnic, which may come off be-
fore the summer is well spent, and
the pretty little steam tug, "Queen
City," will no doubt be chartered for
the occasion.

Miss Fischer has made some beau-
tiful flowers out of different kinds of
paper, and Mrs. Nicholson put them
on the mantel in the library room.

Lizzie is entitled to praise for her
nice work, when she attempts to do a
thing, she does not get discouraged
and give up in despair.

Friday, the 15th ult., a party of
young people on pleasure bent cross-
ed the river in a row boat from
Milton, and found their way up to
the grounds of the home, and played
a game of croquet.

Upon glancing over the *Detroit
Free Press* of July 16th, Louise came
across an item having reference to
the Morris Asylum for the Deaf and
Dumb, which was thrown open to
visitors on a certain day, and present-
ed by a handsome silk flag.

The school is under the patronage
of a ladies' aid society, and progress-
ing splendidly.

One of the farm horses is known
by the name of Dude.

Mrs. Roberts has been on the sick
list, but she is improving in health,
and able to go down stairs.

The northern light which appeared
in the heaven Saturday evening,
the 16th was seen by some members
of the family. Last year the light
was of a deep crimson color, but this
time it proved to be white, and very
beautiful.

Supervisor Gardner will take a
vacation, and go some where this
month, but he has not yet formed his
plans.

Before breakfast, Sunday, July
17th, Mrs. Nicholson and Miss Smith
took a drive to Dr. E. H. Parker's
office on Cannon Street, and called
upon the Nelsons, who live several
doors distant.

A gentleman from Pennsylvania
and three ladies were to have visit-
ed the home, Monday, the 18th, but
they failed to come.

Miss Leila Nelson, of Poughkeepsie,
has returned from the Green Moun-
tain State, and was recently visiting
friends in Hudson, N. Y.

During the nocturnal storm, which
ragged with intense fury on the 22d
ult., Mr. Isaac Gardner chanced to be
riding to the Falls, when Daisy got
frightened by the heavy peals of
thunder and vivid flashes of light-
ning, but fortunately the driver and
his horse were not injured.

The weather of Saturday before
last was warm and pleasant. In the
afternoon Mrs. Gallaudet brought a
lady and gentleman to see the home,
and all went away well pleased with
their call.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

EDITOR VAN ALLEN AGAIN AT HIS
POST—A MID-SUMMER VISIT TO THE
PHILADELPHIA INSTITUTION—THE
NEW SCHOOL AT MOUNT AIRY.

Specially reported for the JOURNAL.

On the 25th ult., was the hottest
day in ten years in Philadelphia, and
on that day found ourself and Mr.
George S. Porter, the foreman of the
printing office of the New Jersey
School for the Deaf, in that city.

People moved about lazily, and no
wonder, when the thermometer re-
gistered ninety-six degrees in the
shade.

Our visit to Philadelphia was to
see for the last time the Old School
before they removed to the new one
at Mt. Airy.

But the first thing we did was to
pay our respects to Honest John
Wanamaker—we mean we visited his
mammoth store, of course, and found
that nothing is exaggerated at all in
Mr. Wanamaker's advertisements.
Here you can purchase anything, and
at a very low figure.

We next called at the Deaf-Mute
Institution and were led into Editor
Van Allen's den, and were surprised
to see Mr. Van Allen at his desk. He
did not look like a sick man by any
means, on the contrary he looked like
an athlete who had been in training
for some time. On being asked if it
was hot, he remarked that the
"other place" couldn't be any hotter,
or words to that effect.

Although sufficiently recovered
from his late illness, Mr. Van Allen
is not yet by any means out of dan-
ger, and has to be very careful of
himself, especially in what he eats.

From the weather, our conversa-
tion turned to the new school and the
Silent World. He said everything
was being packed up for removal to
Mount Airy. Among other things,
Mr. Van Allen told us that the Board
of Directors for some time past have
considered the proposition of making
the *Silent World* an educational
paper, and will probably try the ex-
periment next fall. Mr. Van Allen
showed us around the building.
Everything was packed up ready for
removal to the new school, as he
had stated. He then pictured to us
what the new buildings were like, and
we decided to make a trip to

MOUNT AIRY,

and were fortunate in having for a
fellow-passenger, bound on the same
mission, no other than Principal
Crouter himself.

Mt. Airy is about two minutes'
walk from Allen's Lane Station, and
here fourteen trains come and go
every day. It is just ten miles from
the heat of the city, and covers an
area of sixty acres of as beautiful land
to be found anywhere in the country.

The first building to meet your
gaze as you approach the grounds is
the Primary Department. This
building is completed, but was closed
to visitors. The next building is to
be for the advanced pupils, and is
also completed. Workmen were
about the grounds, laying the walks.
A Chapel and Library are to be
erected near this building.

The third building—the Oral De-
partment—is already completed and
being fitted up for occupancy, and
about half a dozen vans were on the
scene, and men were moving in the
furniture.

To attempt to describe the inside
of the building needs a pen keener
than ours, therefore we will not do so,
but sufficient to say that it has been
so arranged as to offer every comfort
to the pupils.

Workmen are also working on the
shop building, which we understand
is to be first class in every respect.
The printing office, which is to be on
the top floor, will be so arranged as to
have separate composing rooms for
both sexes. This building will be fin-
ished in about seven months, so we
understand. Three new trades to
those already taught will be intro-
duced, making it one of the finest trade
schools in the country.

If Prof. Crouter's plan is carried
out, perhaps the vexed problem to
have a technical school education
will have been solved, as it is Mr.
Crouter's intention to have a post-
graduate course inaugurated.

The entire cost of all the buildings
will reach a million dollars, and of
this sum not one cent is contributed
by the State, as it is being paid out
of the school's funds.

The Philadelphia Institution for
Deaf-Mutes, when completed, will
not only be the best deaf-mute school
in the country, but will be as fine as
any college in the land.

A. Q.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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ALL who are interested in the prosperity of the deaf of Brooklyn will be glad to learn an interesting occurrence of last week. This was the securing of a plot of land for the erection of a church and building adjoining for Saint David's with its special mission to deaf-mutes. The site has a frontage of eighty feet on Knickerbocker, and is situated on a gentle eminence at the head of Woodbine Street. The plot has been pronounced an admirable one for its intended purpose, and all now required is some energetic working "all together" in order that the building may be erected, thus to become the centre for Brooklyn of religious, charitable and beneficent work, chief amongst the latter class being various ways of aiding the Gallaudet Home.

The location is easy of access by the Ridgewood Road to Wyckoff Avenue Station, and due notice of progress of events will be extended.

THE *London News* recently published an article, demonstrating the probability that ere long one will be able to have his picture taken by telephone. Posing in New York, he can be almost instantly reproduced in Chicago, or any city connected with telephone wire and the necessary apparatus. The following is an extract from the article referred to:—

"A young French chemist, M. Henri Courtonne, is credited with a new discovery, for which we have been looking to Mr. Edison. Sound being transmissible by telephone, M. Courtonne argued by a rigorous analogy that light might be transmitted too. As the telephone consists of a transmitter, a wire and a receiver, so there was reason to believe that these three organs might be adapted for transmitting light vibrations, and for this purpose the transmitter should be prepared chemically for receiving and giving out light instead of sound vibrations. This was done by substituting sensitized photographic plates for the ordinary telephone plate. One of the plates was placed between an aperture through which an image was cast, and this image has been forwarded by wire and has been seen at the other end. The first apparatus was very imperfect, and M. Courtonne having heard that Mr. Edison was on the track of a similar discovery, resolved not to publish his experiments, a description of which he, however, sent in a sealed letter to the Academy in 1889. This letter is only to be opened at the sender's request.

"The *Figaro* says that the consequences of the telephotography can not be overestimated. To-morrow, it says, you will see in Paris the image of a man smoking in St. Petersburg."

To the deaf, this will be of far more than ordinary interest. Unable as they are to personally share in the advantages of the telephone, or to find that entertainment in the phonograph which "a nickle in the slot" affords to those who can hear, the perfection of such an instrument wherein sight can be made to supersede sound, will prove a boon and a blessing. In such an event, one can imagine the editor of the JOURNAL called up by a "flash" from St. Louis or Chicago correspondent, and receive a communication from the fingers of either. The transmission of letters will be made at lightning speed. All one will need to do is to write the letter and send by telephotography. In this way we will be able to receive the news almost up to the hour of going to press. As science advances, the obstacles in the path of the deaf are being gradually cleared away, though the time will never come when the pleasures and innumerable everyday advantages of the hearing can be equalled by those who hear no sound. However, it is better to make the most of what we have, than to deplore the absence of what can never be ours. Let us rejoice over the

bright prospects in store for the deaf, and trust that the time is near at hand when we can enjoy rapid communication with distant friends, and accomplish speedy business transactions at remote points, as well or even better—and perhaps cheaper—than those who now have recourse to the ubiquitous telephone.

The Pennsylvania Association for the Advancement of the Deaf this year holds a convention at the State Capital—Harrisburg. The first meeting was held in the Capitol, and the association organized, in the year 1881. The Virginia Association imitated this example last year, in the old Capitol of the Confederacy. The New England Gallaudet Association meets this year in the Capital of Connecticut. The Empire State Association has twice met at Albany, the Capital of New York State. The National Association convened in the Capital of the Nation. Other associations have met and held forth in Capitals of their respective States. This is written for the benefit of a correspondent who believed the Virginia Association of Deaf-Mutes to be the first and only State association of deaf-mutes that assembled in the Capital of a State.

Mrs. Thomas Godfrey.

The numerous friends of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Godfrey, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will be saddened when they learn that Mrs. Godfrey died suddenly on Thursday, July 28th, of cerebral congestion, caused by the excessive heat.

Mrs. Godfrey had been ailing on Wednesday, but appeared to be better on Thursday morning, so her husband went to his work, on the Brooklyn *Eagle*, as usual. Mrs. Godfrey performed her usual household duties, got dinner ready for the children, and then went to the parlor to get the benefit of the breeze. She lay down on a sofa, and shortly after, her little girl, Lulu, coming in found her mother unconscious. A doctor was hastily summoned and Mr. Godfrey called by telephone, but he did not get the message, and on his arrival in the evening, he was met at the door by Mrs. Bunce (a sister of the late W. A. Bond), and told his wife was dead. She expired at a quarter to four in the afternoon.

Her remains were interred at Evergreen Cemetery on Sunday, July 31st, Revs. Chamberlain and Colt officiating. Floral offerings were sent by the Brooklyn Society, and friends at the picnic contributed for another.

Mrs. Thomas Godfrey was 35 years old at the time of her death. Her maiden name was Frances Stuber, and her old schoolmates will remember her as a beautiful and intelligent girl. She was first married to the late W. A. Bond. About two years ago she became the wife of Mr. Godfrey, and they have lived very happily. She had three children by her first marriage, and a little baby boy, nine months old, by her second marriage, all of whom live to mourn her untimely departure to a better world. Mr. Godfrey has the sincere sympathy of a large circle of friends in the sad loss he has sustained.

Funeral of Mortimer B. Howe.

THE BODY OF MR. HOWE, THE YOUNG DEAF-MUTE, IS LAID AT REST—A HOST OF HIS DEAF FRIENDS PAY THEIR TRIBUTE OF RESPECT AND LOVE TO HIS MEMORY.

The young and promising life of an esteemed deaf-mute was cut short on Wednesday, July 20th, by drowning in the Shrewsbury River, at Red Bank, N. J. While spending a short vacation at the Osborn Farm House, at Red Bank, he was bathing in company with his mother and sister. They had been frolicking in the water, when the young man suddenly disappeared. An alarm was given, and an hour later his body was recovered. The cause of death is supposed to have been heart-failure.

On the following Saturday (July 23d), many of those who had known and loved him in life, gathered in St. Ann's Church, West Eighteenth Street, to participate in the funeral services, which were conducted by the Rev. Thos. Gallaudet, D.D., Rector of St. Ann's, and the Rev. Father Ritchie, Rector of St. Ignatius P. E. Church. The funeral sermon in the language of signs was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

The Rev. Dr. Thos. Gallaudet and the Rev. Father Arthur Ritchie met the remains at the vestibule of the church. The casket was carried by the six pall-bearers, Francis W. Nubser, Charles A. Bothner, James B. Gass, Adolph Pfeiffer, Jr., Charles C. McMan and George M. Taggard, members of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, and was placed at the chancel steps amid crosses, pillows and wreaths of flowers. The surpliced choir followed in the sad procession and proceeded to their places in the stalls, and beautifully rendered the anthem, "Lord let me know my end and the number of my days," which was interpreted by Dr. Gallaudet in the sign-language. The fresh young voices of the choristers mingled with the rich, deep tones of the organ, together with the rapid finger movements and gestures of the clergyman

as he stood banked in by flowers, and the attentive, earnest faces of the deaf all combined to produce an impressive picture.

The Rev. Father Ritchie read the service for the burial of the dead, Dr. Gallaudet closely following the words in the language of signs, and any one unfamiliar with this language could readily understand in the signs, gestures and facial expressions, such words as death, sky, the universe, which together with many others were eloquently conveyed.

Dr. Gallaudet delivered a short address, first orally to the hearing relatives and friends, and then by signs to the deaf. In substance, he said that all present at this solemn and touching service were devoutly grateful to God for the means which had for 150 years been used to cultivate the minds and reach the hearts of the deaf. These means had with a few years been rendered wonderfully effective. The deceased had so utilized the educational advantages that were his, that he had become a good scholar, a lover of ingenious mechanism, the maker of a beautiful camera, and, above all, an intelligent and loving communicant of the Church of Christ. His was a life in which his loftiness of character and pureness of purpose should serve as a shining example to those of his silent brethren who remain. The angels have borne him to the rest of Paradise.

The sermon concluded, the choir sang the hymn:

O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest,
Who would not seek that happy land
Where they that loved are blest;
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All radiant through and through,
In God's most holy light?

During the singing, those of the congregation who could joined with their voices, while the deaf fixed their gaze upon Dr. Gallaudet, who followed the words of the hymn in the sign-language.

When the invitation was given to the friends to view the remains, the members of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League were given precedence. As the procession moved past the casket (now and then there was one who made some remark to his neighbor, of how natural and beautiful their friend looked in death), and the sorrowful faces of his companions bespoke their loss.

A large number of relatives and friends were present, among whom was President Souweine of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League.

The many floral pieces were of marked beauty and appropriateness of design. One large piece was sent by the employees of J. H. Bunnell & Co., and a wreath by the Deaf-Mutes' Union League.

The interment was at Greenwood Cemetery.

Mortimer B. Howe had just passed his twenty-first birthday last April. He lost his hearing when about seventeen months old, by *cerebro-spinal meningitis*. At the age of seven years, he entered the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, where he spent ten years. For the past two years, he was an electrician employed in the works of J. H. Bunnell & Co., on West 24th Street, New York. He was the only son of George P. Howe, cashier of Dan Talmage's Sons, rice merchants, at No. 115 Wall Street, New York, and resided with his parents at No. 216 West 123d Street, New York.

The Union League have taken from their circle a companion of kind heart and pure life, of sterling character, one whose life was as the sunshine—to give and to bless. In him, our members and our work had a staunch and unwavering friend.

In their sad bereavement, the family has the heartfelt sympathy of every one.

New York, July 29, 1892.

A Deaf-Mute nine of New England would like to arrange a game of baseball for the celebration of the Seventy-fifth anniversary at Hartford, Ct., next August 30th or 31st, with any nine from New York or other places. The captain would like Frederick Rock, of Hartford, Ct., and Fred Stover, of Malden, Mass., and other good players to write to E. H. French, No. 58 South Lincoln Street, Keene, N. H.

We have it from the most reliable source that Mr. and Mrs. John L. Connetton are not only the youngest and handsomest, but also the first and only deaf-mute couple who ever went housekeeping on their own "hook" in that beautiful and famous "City of Collars & Cuffs" (Troy City). It is said they have a very pretty flat, Second Avenue, on the banks of the Hudson. May health, wealth and prosperity attend them, is the wish of their friends.

Seven Thousand Miles of Cars.

There are 30,000 locomotives in the United States, concerning which a railroad journal says: "Now, suppose all the locomotives were coupled together and started across the country in one solid train, how long do you think the train would be? Three hundred miles. Yes, 300 miles of locomotives; power enough to pull Jupiter down to the earth, could we only hitch to him. Then add the passenger cars, and we should have 3,000 miles more, and if we waited a huge mixed train and were to put in all the box, flat, and every other kind of freight car, our train would be more than 7,000 miles long. The passenger cars could carry more than 1,500,000 people, and the weight of all the pyramids of Egypt and all State Capitals of the United States.—*Ec.*

VIRGINIA.

Ritter's Convention Convictions.

A VISIT TO FORTRESS MONROE.

To Work the Wires at Staunton.

BUREAU OF THE "JOURNAL."
THE EVENING SUN BUILDING,
NEWPORT NEWS, VA., AUG. 1.

It is indeed a matter of congratulation to every deaf person in the country that the associations in the different States are "coming to their senses," so to speak, and realizing that it is *undignified and babyish* for them to hold their meetings from year to year at their State Institutions. It is but right for them to show their esteem and love for their old *alma mater* once in every five or six years and to meet within her walls, at her invitation, to discuss measures pertaining to the general welfare of their class. But it is babyish and entirely unworthy of the good wishes of their outside brethren for the deaf of any State in the country to gather every year at their State School and burden their old mother with uncalculated troubles and inconveniences. Virginia, we believe, was the first State to lead off in this way. Her first deaf-mute convention was held in the Hall of the House of Representatives, in the city of Richmond, on July 4th, 1891, one hundred and thirty-five miles away from the State Institution.

It is sincerely to be regretted that the "split" has occurred in Illinois and that the Capitol of that State has been "sat down upon" by both factions, Indiana, Ohio, California and a score of other States will no doubt fall into the line, headed by Virginia, and hold their future conventions outside of their Institutions. All is well in Massachusetts. They have the great and immortal Gallaudet to honor, and need not bother themselves about where to hold their future gatherings.

NOTES.

The other day I went over to the famous Fortress Monroe to see what the blue-coated soldier boys were doing there this burning weather. Upon alighting from the train I was greeted by the ugly and horrid mouth of a 32-inch ball cannon. There are at least a hundred of these iron and steel monsters mounted and ready at a moment's notice to pour their deadly contents onto the very deck of a passing steamer. Fifty thousand cannon balls are arranged in various sections of the fort for use at a moment's notice. In the park, in the rear of the commanding officer's quarters, are several relics of ancient times. Among them is an old iron cannon mounted upon four wheels, and at its mouth is hung the following card:—

Surrendered by the
British
At the Capitulation
Of Saratoga,
October 17, 1777.

This old cannon is encased in a glass-house, to keep it out of the reach of the everlasting relic-hunter. The wooden wheels are beginning to show the powerful effects of "Old Father Time, and before many more years have passed, no doubt this iron monster will fall off its wooden mount. Arranged in a circle near this old relic are a dozen small brass and iron cannon, which bear upon their sides the information that they were "Surrendered by Cornwallis at the Battle and Surrender of Yorktown, Va., October 19th, 1781."

It was in this terrible old fort that Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, was imprisoned after his capture down South. He was treated by Uncle Sam's soldiers with rather too much severity, and not with the honor due a prisoner of war. Mr. Davis was released principally through the influence of Horace Greeley, and after a tour in Europe, where he was received with great pomp and shown much courtesy, he returned to his Mississippi home, carrying with him the goodwill and undying love of every Southerner. He now lies at rest in New Orleans, but his wife has decided that his remains shall be brought to Richmond, Va., and interred in beautiful Hollywood, where President Monroe lies resting in a magnificent iron tomb, and President Tyler also is there. General E. B. Stuart, the dashing cavalry leader of the Confederacy is there, as are also other distinguished men. The entire South is now raising funds for a magnificent marble monument to be erected in Richmond to Mr. Davis' memory.

A few days ago, I ran across the following strange advertisement in a London paper:

A German friend of mine who can give best English references, living permanently on Lake Garda, Northern Italy, wishes to marry a middle-aged lady of good means; as he is of quiet disposition would prefer a lady somewhat deaf, or with slight other infirmity. Address, in first instance, etc.

From the Petersburg *Index-Appel* of recent date I clipped the following:

Mr. James T. Ashby, who formerly kept a bookstore in Petersburg, but who has recently been residing in Richmond, has lost his voice entirely, and is now only able to carry on conversation by means of paper and pencil. His friends will regret to

learn of his unfortunate condition. Mr. Ashby, with his family, is now occupying rooms in the mansion at Eilerslie, Chesterfield County.

"Old Sol" has shown a disposition to look down upon these parts in a very stern way, during the past week. The thermometer has frequently gone up as far as 100° in the shade. On the occasion of a "heated spell," the "machine poet" once wrote:

"All mundane things are melted down
Unto a common level,
And everybody vows it is
Hotter than the devil!"

The rhyme will apply to the condition of the weather here during the week just closed. To-day the tables have been turned, and we are enjoying a delightful sea-breeze.

A horrid mistake crept into our last. The wicked printers of the JOURNAL made us say that we hoped, when again speaking of Mr. Trice, to add that he was no longer a benedict. It should have been *bachelor* instead of benedict. We certainly know of no divorce proceedings being waged by Mr. Trice just now. When last heard from, he was still a *bachelor*, and, therefore, a divorce is out of question with him for yet a while.

The next Virginia letter to the JOURNAL will be telegraphed on the day before its publication, from Staunton, where the Convention will be in session. We are not a "wire-puller," but we believe in giving the world the news just as it happens. So look out for the "very latest" from "Ole Virginny," in the issue of August 18th.

RITTER.

BALTIMORE.

(From our Baltimore Correspondent.)

We are at present wallowing in the hottest weather we ever experienced since we were born. The other day the mercury jumped up to 102 degrees. When I'm not hot enough for you, dear readers. The weather man says we are going to have cool weather 'before long, but Old Sol seems to mean business and has not engaged a bit up to this writing.

Last Monday evening, the writer paid a business visit to Prof. Veditz at his cosy residence near the outskirts of the city, and found him trying very hard to keep cool. The writer asked him if he experienced any inconvenience from the hot weather during the day. He confidently told the scribe that he passed a very cool day by sitting upon a big chunk of ice (the dimensions we forgot) and also a piece on his head. We were told not to give it away, but we will only tell the readers, and that is all.

Mr. F. Leitner returned from his visit in the country and gave a lecture before the society at their hall last Wednesday evening. The subject was "Capt. Jack." Prof. Veditz will also lecture on August 10th. Subject: "The Tariff," something which we have longed for.

Messrs. Veditz, Leitner and Unsworth were appointed a committee to look for a suitable and centrally located hall wherein the society expects to remove. The present hall, although large enough, is not conveniently situated, and it is somewhat remote from the street cars.

Miss Maggie Schuman is now rusticated at Glyndon, being the guest of Miss Annie B. Barry. They will both return in time for the picnic.

Mr. John E. Fowle talks of giving up his place in the shoe shop, and of removing to Hampden to open a shop of his own. It is our opinion that he had better stay, where he is, because he is earning good wages. Last Tuesday, Mr. and Mrs. Brantlick and child, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith went down the bay to Fairview, where they enjoyed themselves very much. Mr. Joe Linton has his photo-tent located there, and is doing a fair business.

A letter was received from Mr. Wilson, of Springfield, O., in which he states that he was married to Miss Dick on June 25th. Both were former pupils of the Maryland School. They have our congratulations.

We are in receipt of an invitation from the Fanwood Quad Club to be present at their picnic on August 6th. We will have to decline with thanks, as ours takes place two days earlier. We hope theirs will be a bang up success.

The tickets for the Bay Ridge excursion on August 4th, are selling like hot cakes. The person who sells the largest number of tickets, will receive a prize worth \$5.00, the second \$2.50, and the third \$1.25.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gill and children are now summering somewhere near Emmittsburg, Md.

In our last letter to the JOURNAL, it should have been stated that Mr. R. E. Underwood was elected vice-president and Mr. G. M. Leitner, secretary, respectively, of the society.

Now for the picnic at Druid Hill Park on August 3d. We expect a number of outsiders. We will try to give a full account of the affair in our next letter.

HARRY W.

Mrs. George Homer's nephew, Charles Swift, with his friend, Dr. Hayes, of Atlanta, Georgia, are in Boston, and will remain six weeks. They will go to the Buzzard Bay. Her niece, Miss Eva Swift, went to Winchester to see her cousin, Mrs. Diman, of Arlington, and sailed for India by the *Euria* on Saturday.

A MUTE PICNIC.

The deaf-mutes of this and adjoining counties will hold a reunion and picnic at Wawasee Lake, Saturday and Sunday, August 6th and 7th. They will assemble at Jones' Landing early Saturday morning, and go by boats to Wawasee Park, where they will engage in fishing and other amusements, and receive several of the professors from the Institute at Indianapolis. A grand time is anticipated.—*Truth*, Ind., Democrat, July 27.

WORLD'S FAIR CITY.

All's Well that Ends Well.

THE CONGRESS AUXILIARY AGAIN.

Minor Notes.

From our Chicago correspondent.

The war clouds which gathered around the Illinois Alumni Association and threatened its ranks with utter annihilation, have been dispersed, and the sunshine of peace now beams happily down upon all. The conference between President Cloud and the members of the old committee, if not formally announced, will undoubtedly be ratified. A reaction had set in this late day in favor of Springfield, at the scheduled time in August this year, but owing chiefly to the shortness of time to complete arrangements, the first compromise is likely to be adopted.

THE TERMS OF COMPROMISE.

The reunion will be held in Springfield in 1894, and under the auspices of a Committee of Fifteen, comprising an equal number on each side, with one to be recommended by Dr. P. G. Gillett.

The "Compromise Committee," as it ought to be called, consists of the Messrs. Codman, Comp, George, Tilton, Siddles, Tipton, Seaton, Regensburg, and Mesdames Dougherty, Balis, Read, Woods, and two others, whose names have slipped from our memory. The fifteenth member is Prof. Ed. Campbell, of Colorado Springs.

The Alumni of Illinois will please take notice that there will be no reunion this month.

The publication of the correspondence between President Bonney and the new committee on the Congress of Deaf-Mutes, would not be complete without the letter of acceptance from the Chairman. We here reproduce it:—

CHICAGO, July 25, 1892.

HON. C. C. BONNEY, President of the World's Congress Auxiliary, Chicago, Ill.
DEAR SIR:—I received a letter under the date of the 23d inst., from Mr. C. E. Young, Assistant Secretary, conveying the information that by your direction and on recommendation of Dr. P. G. Gillett, Chairman of the Division of Education of the Deaf, I had been appointed Chairman of a Committee on a World's Congress of the Deaf.

I accept, with due appreciation of the honor which the appointment implies and of the importance of the coming Congress' complete success. I beg to add that I am greatly pleased with the rest of the Committee which you have appointed, and can assure you that we will do all we can to fulfill your reasonable expectations.

Respectfully yours,

GEO. T. DOUGHERTY.

Mr. George carried on the religious services at the Methodist Church Sunday. His presence served to rekindle the good feeling formerly existing among the Illinois Alumni. Only one individual does not take kindly to the compromise. Frank Read, Sr., still grows and grumbles. Not only is the compromise a defeat to him, but, as one of the old committee says, "his misfortunes never come singly." The old committee have turned their backs upon him, and one of them writes: "As for Mr. Read, I have something to say that is far from complimentary to him."

The private boat excursion arranged by Mr. Codman was a success from one point of view. The attendance numbered about sixty-five souls on board the John A. Dix, but in going to Michigan City, a rough sea was encountered, and it became a fashion for the ladies to "cast their bread upon the water." Those who did not "feed the fishes," kept on dancing in the pavilion to the tune of the music, and games were played that kept up the enjoyment. On returning to the wharf, a number went out again on a moonlight excursion.

Chas. Comisky, the brother of the famous captain, gave a party at his residence to the baseball fraternity. Louis Lyons, of New York, was there, of course, but an incident occurred that made him wish he was a thousand miles away.

"Why do all the ladies go to Colorado," we were asked the other day. "Because there is a *man or two* [Manitou] there." Messrs. Hart and Somnborn, and probably Mr. Howard, who have decided to join the Chicago delegation to Colorado, should take warning.

In the list of marriage licenses issued last Wednesday by City Clerk Wolf, was one to Miss Luella Boyer and Mr. Fred Harrison. Both parties are Indians. Miss Boyer is a semi-mute of high culture. Mr. Harrison is a printer, and reached the city last week for the purpose of securing employment. He, of course, denies his presence had anything to do with the matrimonial visit.

Messrs. Raffington and Gallagher took a trip to Emery's summer resort across the lake.

The committee on the World's Congress of Deaf-Mutes will give a basket picnic on Labor Day, September 1st, at Garfield Park, in benefit of the expense fund of the committee. Let all come and help swell the fund. Mr. and Mrs. Watson are the latest prospective additions to the suburb of Fernwood.

Five families of deaf-mutes now reside there, and Ed. Levi makes a living by driving the lake members to and from the Pullman Car Shops.

He is also profiting to some extent from poultry raising.

Francis George Jefferson, of Detroit, brought along to this city a huge pile of pamphlets containing accounts of "a sad shipwreck," compiled by himself, "only five cents." He introduces himself as "missionary, teacher and consul to the deaf-mutes of all nationalities, and late teacher at the Mackay Deaf-Mute School."

Mr. P. Hasenstab writes from New Albany of his intention to return to the city in time for the banquet. Another "march through Georgia" is also contemplated. Mr. D. W. George will remain in town for the banquet.

The article in the JOURNAL of last week from the pen of Mr. Bray, is a masterly one, and is the best we have seen, which passes judgment from an English standpoint upon the merits of an English system. The article is clear, concise, and to say the least, interesting. The readers of the JOURNAL will be glad to hear oftener from Mr. Bray.

RASCO.

OBITUARY.

AARON LUCIUS CHAPIN, A.M., S.T.D.

A telegraphic despatch brings the sad announcement of the death of Rev. Dr. A. L. Chapin, Ex-President of Beloit College, who died at Beloit, Wis., on Friday, July 23d, aged 76 years.

Born in Hartford, Ct., on February 4th, 1817, his education was begun in the Hartford Grammar School, and completed at Yale, from which college he graduated with distinction in 1837. His attainments will be appreciated when it is remembered that he stood high in a class including, among others, such distinguished scholars as Benjamin Silliman, the eminent chemist; Edward Pierrepont, the Hon. William M. Evans, and the late Chief-Justice Morrison R. Waite. By a strange coincidence there were also in this class the late Rev. John H. Pettengill, who was known as a successful teacher of the deaf in both the New York and Pennsylvania Institutions, and, if we are not mistaken, Mr. Andrew L. Stone was also a member of the class.

Immediately upon his graduation from college, Mr. Chapin made arrangements to become an instructor in the New York Institution, and entered upon his duties in the fall of 1838, at the same time as the Rev. Jacob Van Nostrand and Andrew L. Stone. Being of similar tastes, acquisitions, and pursuits, the three young professors found in each other a congenial companionship. Together they attended the daily class in which the elder Dr. Peet initiated them into the use of the language of signs, and after they had overcome the first difficulties incident to the new work, they attended the lectures given in the Union Theological Seminary.

In 1841 Mr. Chapin graduated from the Seminary, and two years later he relinquished his position as teacher at the Institution, with the conviction that the Church had higher claims upon his services. He then entered upon the duties of a pastor, and afterward became President of Beloit College, in Wisconsin. He, however, still retained his old interest in the deaf, with whom he was able to converse freely in the sign-language.

In 1853 Williams College recognized his eminent attainments by conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. His interest in the deaf led to his election, in 1865, as a trustee of the Wisconsin Institution for the Deaf, and later, in 1873, he was elected President of the Board, a position he retained till 1881, when he resigned on account of the pressure of other duties. He was a man of amiable disposition and dignified bearing, which never failed to attract and impress an audience.

At the Ninth Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf, held at Columbus, O., in August, 1878, he was selected as President of that body, a position in which his knowledge of the sign-language and the methods of deaf-mute instruction, with mastery of parliamentary rules, readiness and eloquence of speech, sound judgment, tact and good humor, enabled him to fill with dignity and grace.

His was an active and useful life, seeking to do good wherever possible. Besides an active co-operation in many charitable and beneficent projects, he was for many years a member of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, a life-director of the American Home Missionary Society, and President of the Wisconsin Academy of Arts and Sciences.

His death removes from earthly scenes still another of the few remaining instructors of the deaf whose entrance to the profession dates back to the early thirties, and whose lives of distinguished usefulness are a striking exemplification of necessity of high mental powers and advanced education in those who would undertake to move the dormant powers of the uneducated deaf. Such men are an honor to the profession, and as such of these examples of the old school professors pass away, they leave a standard of intellectual attainment which the new generation of teachers might endeavor to attain with profit.

Notice.

Service with Holy Communion for Deaf-Mutes, in Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., or in the chapel, next Sunday, August 7th, at 3 p.m.

NEW YORK.

Enjoying Themselves in Brooklyn, with the

BROOKLYN SOCIETY'S EIGHTH ANNUAL.

The Glorious Cruise that Followed—
A Royal Race—A Good Catch—
Now for the Fanwood Quad Club.

From our New York Correspondent.

During the few days preceding Saturday, July 30th, New Yorkers and Brooklynites sweltered until they would have liked to wish themselves at the extremity of the North Pole.

Saturday brought a slight relief, and considering the aspect of things weatherwise the seventy-two hours preceding, it is not to be wondered at folks generally, really desired what seemed convenient at any moment—a downpour of the watery elements.

Two events were billed for the day, one of much concern to the Brooklyn Society and their friends, the other to the Printers' Benevolent Association and their friends, among whom were several deaf-mutes, including the representative of the JOURNAL.

The first named society were not in a jubilant frame of mind. Only two days before, the excessive heat in a great measure caused the death of the wife of their highly popular and persevering President, Mr. Thomas Godfrey.

All arrangements having been completed for the carrying out of the event, this unfortunate and sad circumstance was requested not to interfere with the success of the Eighth Annual.

The picnickers were on hand early and late. Washington Park, familiar to a large portion of them, had undergone a change since it was last inhabited by a deaf-mute picnic party. Rapid transit cut a swath in its area, but traces of the old Broadway Park were still visible.

An enlarged dancing platform served to accommodate between two and three hundred friends of the organization. The afternoon was devoted to the young ones, who made the best of the opportunity and embraced everything enjoyable at hand, in the way of swings, etc.

Towards dusk, Floor Manager, John Dreeke, marshalled his force together and started on the thirteen numbered stretch of the order of dancing. For assistance, the able Julius Wollman proved of invaluable aid.

On the Floor Committee were seven gentlemen with white badges, Geo. M. Taggard being at the head, and the others—Geo. Schlaefler, Wm. G. Gilbert, Bernard Levy, F. Backhaus, Chas. T. Thompson, Peter Adler.

Blue adorned the reception committee, headed by that old-time gallant Henry L. Juhring, and these assistants: H. A. Schenkenberg, Archie McLaren, Albert Brauer, Jacob Swartz, William Rose, John B. Valles, Hugh Conlon.

The arrangement committee made up of J. S. Orr, chairman; Adam H. Riedel and Frank Eckka, although young, proved themselves experts in the line of managing such affairs. All who attended conceded the event was a highly enjoyable one, and it was not until well into the closing hour of the night that the Brooklyn Society's festival came to an end.

Here is a list of the attendance, so far as could be recorded:

F. W. Nubner, C. Bothner and sister, T. Rose, E. Bloom, G. Walsh, E. Souweine, S. Hirsch, J. B. Gass, F. Kollman, P. Giddings, of the Union League, Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Donnelly, Misses Golland, Gantz, Welsh, Nathan, Eckka, M. Brown, Schloss, Brinck, Kugeler, Kelly, L. Klein, Messrs. Froehlich, Driscoll, Conlon, H. Miller, Greis, Tyler, Stryker, Warren, Redmond, Senoff, Miss Reller, Mr. and Mrs. F. Brown, Mrs. Davis, Messrs. Haight, Blake, McCarthy, Harth, Capelli, Mr. and Mrs. Hoevel, Mrs. Juhring, Mr. Ryer, Miss McLaughlin, Dackermann, Messrs. Coombs, Fox, Hodgson, Mrs. Callen, Misses Welch, McCue, Colligan, E. Klein, Seelig, Isgen, Tiedmann, Mr. William Eckka, Miss Mamie Eckka, Messrs. J. Mahoney and wife, Hirstins, W. Moore, Morris, G. Morrisse, Redington, Lounsbury, Knox, P. Conlon, L. Lenahan, Rogan, J. Conlin, Van Seggar, Crawford, Lena Lungwitz, Sarah Sturmwald, Mr. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Kearth, J. F. O'Brien, J. J. O'Brien, Lyons, Green, Rudy, Schneider, Mr. and Mrs. Reininger, Lloyd, Jacobs, Farrell, Brady, O'Grady, F. Brown, D. H. Brown, Tillmann, Stillwell, Jones, Heyman, Rose, Jamieson, Lonergan, Mr. and Mrs. Vetterlein, Mr. and Mrs. Laing, Mr. Lowenstein, Philip Dackermann, J. Kaupper, H. Lamm, Tom Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Egan, Mr. William J. Maria, H. Broad, J. S. Orr, B. Levy, J. Swartz, G. M. Taggard, W. Ross, A. Brauer, J. Wollmann, G. Voorhis, W. G. Gilbert, Adler, G. Schlefer.

Towards the close of the picnic, a party of nine brave men and true, and fishermen of the standard royal

blue, hied to the last train for Carnorsie shore.

Here they boarded a sleek-looking craft, "The Lady Claire," commanded by its owner, Capt. James Dickson. He was in a jubilant frame of mind, having won a yacht race during the afternoon, and being thereby \$100 the richer.

Along toward 4 A.M. of the next day, a break in the clouds that loomed out threateningly over Canarsie Bay, said day was about to begin, but "Old Sol" was nowhere.

The start was not deterred because of his absence. Capt. J. F. O'Brien and the rest of the crew, consisting of Cook J. F. Donnelly, Mate Fred Knox, and the hardy seamen, William Conlon, William Coombs, T. Winifred Brown, Peter Redington, and John Lloyd, Jr., were "in it," even if it had rained pitch forks.

The "Lady Claire" and her able commander seemed to know each other admirably. For the nonce, Fred Knox and Seamen Stryker, Coombs, and Redington proved themselves midshipmen of no mean calibre. They helped at the hawsers, gave a hand in hoisting the fore and main sail, and otherwise impressed Capt. Dickson that, though deaf, their muscles only required a little exercise to demonstrate they knew a bowline from a marlinpike.

The cruise of the "Lady Claire" was a rip roaring one. Passing Ruffle Bar which divides the bay from the sea proper, a stiff breeze was encountered, and continued all through the morning, the "Lady Claire" having to proceed with half sail set. Out past Barren Island and on the coast of the ocean, lines were cast for the entrapment of blue fish. Two miles South of Sandy Hook, and about three miles by the east of the Sandy Hook Lightship, the sea was considerably unpleasant to any one but a salt water sailor. This proved an upset to the terribilities of Mate Lloyd's insides. They failed to carry his home fare, and by and by the fishes were on a regular free lunch spread.

In another way, the "Lady Claire," although riding admirably over the waves, had a bad effect on Mate Brown. The erstwhile umpire hugged the roof of the cabin for dear life, and each succeeding wave sent in his direction a compliment of salt water, with no opportunity for the call of "foul" or "three strikes." Mate Stryker started the first monster, a three pound Bonita, more luscious than even the blue fish. For the next hour or two, the catch hauled in summed up nine blue fish, aggregating in weight fifty pounds, or thereabouts.

A test of the drop line was then advocated, the rain beginning to come down, acting as an extra inducement for that kind of fishing.

The "Lady Claire" headed for the East—Ruffle bar—the intention being to get inside, as they say in that section of the ocean. Drop lines brought in one flounder to Tom Brown's renown, and about six crabs to the persevering Peter Redington. He was them and there dubbed "soft crab" Redington. Billy Coombs had more bites but nary a drop line catch. The ravenous Conlon hauled up a "Sea Robin," and was induced to take him home as food for his Tom Cat.

Other yachts were anchored nearby. One the "Carrie & Etta," an exact model of the "Lady Claire," with a party of eight aboard. Capt. Dickson said he could beat her, and a race was started for still further in towards the Canarsie Shore. What a spanking breeze began to show up. How cleverly the "Lady Claire" was handled, and what an exciting race was enjoyed by the silent crew, had best been left to their personal description. Nothing like it in former years. A good catch, a taste of a rough sea, a cutting through the water with the port side of your craft fairly at the water's edge. To give it a true description, is to be there yourself. Ask any of those in the crew, excepting one, who was too ill to enjoy it, and you will be repaid for the trouble.

Great times next Saturday. The last but not the least of outing events transpires. At Cosmopolitan Park, the Fanwood Quad Club will be in command, with as able a party as ever graced a similar event. The Cable road will take you to the entrance in a jiffy, and you will find many interesting and historical sights to enjoy, while receiving the breeze sweeping over the lordly Hudson, and down from the Fort Washington and Fort George Heights, en route. From the President down to the last initiated member of the club, you will receive a royal welcome. A view of Photographer Pach's camera will be had, and what with the games, the excellent music of Prof. Lemlein and the other attractions in the Park, none will feel sorry that they came. Not only you but your best girl, or some one equally as dear, or as fond of you, are cordially invited to attend.

MONTAGUE TRIGG.

Mr. John H. Geary has resigned his position as teacher at the Arkansas Deaf-Mute Institution owing to the poor health of his wife.

Miss Julia Youngblood and Little Booth, of Philadelphia, spent two weeks at the residence of Mr. Emil Scheffer, of Montclair, N. J. They had an enjoyable visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Marsh are now at their daughter's (Mrs. Adam Achesson's) house at Rosindale, Mass. The mutes of Boston should call on them, because Mr. Marsh was the founder of the first religious society, at the Park Street Church, in Boston.

FANWOOD.

'Tis Hot, and No Mistake,—Hungry Flies Abound.

THE WRITER'S "VALEDICTORY."

Dry and Interesting Bits, Something Dull and Something Not.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

When I how warm it is. As if to make up for his late attack of ennui (he was cool throughout the duration of said attack), "Old Sol" is heaping "coals of fire" upon our tender occupants, and bids fair to continue his persecutions for some time to come. "None but himself can be his parallel," so maybe the recent "heathful demonstrations" on the part of Mount Etna have "riled" him to the quick. And mayhap an enmity exists 'twixt all volcanoes and the sun, and they vie with each other as heat-producers. Be it as it may, we are not disposed to "interfere," for such a proceeding would be beyond good breeding. We shall hail the advent of autumn with joyful manifestations, and smile to think that the distance between the earth and "Old Sol" has been increased by a million miles.

Heat, however, is not the only thing we have to complain of. In last week's issue we made some complimentary remarks about the house-fly, or *musca domestica*. That insect, not appreciating our kindness, has been annoying us even more than before, and the prospects are that it will continue to annoy us till fall-time. Till then let it tire us, till then let us swelter.

As usual, the "poet" comes in for a share of attention, and the following betokens that his late love-attack has had a good effect upon him, although it is rather conducive to the belief that he is fickle:

RATHER NICE.

Love ye me, my darling dearie?
Love ye me, my pretty Clare?
Love ye me?—O! tell me truly—
What a tickle girl you are!

Can it be you do not love me?
Can it be you do not care?
Just a little bit for Johnny?
Tell me quickly—do, my dear!

O! you wicked little lassie,
O! you little midget—there!
Let me catch you making faces,
And I'll kiss you "evermore!"

Would you mind it? No, my dearie,
For within each breast what bliss
Doth our throbbing hearts enapture,
Little sweetheart, when we kiss!

WHAT'S-MY-NAME.

'Tis the condition of the weather that prompts our bidding farewell to the JOURNAL readers—a sad farewell!—and retiring from the world of literature, never again to appear under our present *nom-de-plume*. Twice have we wielded the mighty Fanwood pen; twice have we had the pleasure of beholding our own dear English in print; and twice have the public borne up with our pedantry. We write for the last time as "Anonymous," and as in the end it is always best to unbosom ourself of a weighty secret, we, with many apologies for the deception practiced, confess to our being both the "poet" and the prose-writer of Fanwood. We go; but weep not, O! gentle reader, for mayhap under another *nom-de-plume*, when the cool autumnal breezes are hither wafted, we shall again appear unto you, and with a finer "verbosity thread," and more poetical talent. Sadly we go, but, however great our sorrow, a feeble thrill finds its way up into our clouded brain at the knowledge that we go not alone into obscurity. The other and more unfortunate mortal is the editor of the *Silent Press*. He, too, has written his valedictory, and his paper "accompanieth him" into the "mists." Once more we say, Weep not, O! gentle reader, for there shall come a day when again shall you behold our "eloquence rare" in the best of deaf papers—the JOURNAL. Await ye, therefore, with patience that day.

DRY AND INTERESTING BITS.

Ex-Foreman Branagan, of our tailor-shop, is in Jamaica, L. I. Visitors have been scarce this week. Our only Sunday visitors were Masters Robert H. Johnson and Charles Gaunt, of New York. Nightwatchman King left here Monday, to spend his vacation at Lake Ontario.

"A Quad" will resume his duties as Fanwood correspondent next week.

I. W. Tyler and C. Jastram were here Monday, as was also Tom Brown.

Dr. Peet, who with his family has been sojourning at Nantucket, Mass., left that place on the 3d for Colorado Springs, to attend the Conference of Principals. Dr. Fay, of the National College, went at the same time, and at Albany, N. Y., they were joined by Dr. Wilkinson, of California. Upon the conclusion of the Conference, Dr. Peet will return to Nantucket, where he expects to remain till the opening of the regular term. We wish him health and happiness.

'Tis with pleasant anticipations that we hail the approach of Saturday, August 6th. For on that day

will occur the picnic of the Fanwood Quad Club, at Cosmopolitan Park, 169th Street and Amsterdam Avenue.

For on that day will thousands meet,
Will young and old their neighbors greet,
And talk and laugh and dance and eat,
And hug and kiss in joy complete,
Nor think of sorrow on that day,
Nor of the toil and moil that they
At home have known. You who may
Should nothing do but come, we say.

ANONYMOUS.

The Late Mrs. C. H. Cooper.

The following address was delivered by Rev. Henry E. Decker, of Turin, Lewis county, at the funeral of Mrs. Henry Cooper, his sister-in-law, in Watertown, N. Y.:

It is a melancholy pleasure to stand here to day and speak a few words in memory of dear Mrs. Cooper. I have been closely identified by acquaintance and relationship with her family since her early girlhood, as the sole representative of it here now, may be permitted the more freedom on that account.

In the beautiful sequestered valley of New Lebanon, N. Y., on the first day of August, 1846, Mrs. Cooper, nee Annie R. Churchill, was born. It was a spot of great natural beauty, a broad vale bordered by high mountains and articulated by bright stream, with the usual foothills and mountain slopes covered with flocks, dotted with farm houses and villages. It was pronounced by John Quincy Adams the most beautiful landscape he ever saw save one in Switzerland. Her family name, Churchill, was of honored and ancient descent from the house of Marlborough, England, which early attained distinction in the time of Queen Anne when the duke of that name became the conqueror of Louis XIV, the Bonaparte of this day. But Mrs. Cooper might well say with Cooper:

"My boast is not that I derive my birth,
From lions enthroned or nobles of the earth,
But higher yet my proud pretensions rise,
The child of parents passed into the skies."

Mrs. Cooper's paternal grandfather, Rev. Silas Churchill, was a graduate of Yale college under the presidency of Dr. Stiles. He was for forty-two years the honored pastor of the Presbyterian church of New Lebanon. Her father, Silas Churchill, Jr., was a resident of the same town, a ruling elder of the same church till death, a man of sterling faith and integrity. Her mother, Cornelia Lynde, is a native of Hartford, Conn., and still lives in extreme age in Mrs. Cooper's birthplace. She is a lady of rare excellence and beauty of character, the fitting mother of her saintly daughter. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Churchill was distinctly Christian. The fear of God was its prevailing atmosphere. The Sabbath was an honored day and the Bible was best of books. In that home amid its hallowed surroundings the germ of Mrs. Cooper's life was developed.

She was early transferred to schools for deaf mutes, first to Prof. Bartlett's in Poughkeepsie, and afterward to the institution at 163d Street, New York, where she acquired first an elementary and afterward a collegiate education. She was also a teacher for two years in the institution for deaf mutes in Flint, Mich. She was married to Mr. Charles H. Cooper, of this city, in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1872. A husband, two daughters, a mother and several brothers and sisters survive her and lament her untimely departure.

It was the wish of the great American poet, Bryant, that he might die in the month of June amid the full bloom of flowers he loved so well. His prayer was answered to the letter, and in that fragrant month he made his translation. Mrs. Cooper expressed no preference of season, but by a singular providence her exit is ordered in the bloom of the lily of the valley, the flower she loved so well, and which is so typical of her character. It is fitting that she sleep in a bed of this graceful bloom which appreciating hands have wreathed about her. But, fragrant as are these flowers, they fall short of the fragrance of her many virtues, and shorter still of that bloom and immortality into which she has passed.

Beautiful as was her life, she was even more beautiful in death. There was no painful surprise awaiting her. When her physician wrote that there still was hope she gently nodded dissent and, sweetly smiling, pointed significantly upward. She spoke messages of farewell with her fast-flying fingers, and to every one who approached she gave her characteristic smile. When death had already dulled her vision and darkness was gathering about her, she still continued to talk, drawing the fingers of friends close before her eyes till darkness made communication impossible. She then fell into gentle slumber and passed away like one "who wraps the drape of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams." I have known Mrs. Cooper from childhood, but have never known her guilty of a wrong. She became a Christian none know how early. She was a communicant of the First Presbyterian church of this city. Her sweet character was no chance product, but the fruit of saving grace in the soul. Mrs. Cooper's death suggests the close bordering of the heavenly world on this world of sorrow. How quick is the transition, now here; now beyond! This death seems as if heaven had come down, or rather that earth had been carried up. Earth is poorer; but heaven is richer. Henceforth we shall have another magnet drawing us toward the skies.

COLUMBUS.

The Cleveland Picnic.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

The picnic held by the Cleveland, O., mutes last Saturday, from reports received, was a most enjoyable affair. The attendance was all that could be desired. The place chosen for a day's outing was at Shaddock's Grove, about twenty-five miles out of Cleveland, and facing Lake Erie. All sorts of games were indulged in to help pass the time merrily. Yachting on the lake was also a leading feature among the amusements.

Among the outsiders from a distance present were Mrs. R. P. McGregor and children from Columbus, also Misses Littell and Louise May Greener from the same place, Miss Samson, of Lorain, Mr. and Mrs. Redington, of Amherst, Mr. Ira Crandall, of Girard, Mr. William Zorn, of North Baltimore, and Mr. Theodore Mueller, of Oberlin, who is a student at the college.

On Wednesday last, Mrs. W. H. Williams and Master Carl went* to Portsmouth to spend some time with Mrs. Williams' mother. The *Portsmouth Daily Blade* of Friday gives an extended account of the annual reunion of the first and second regiments at that place, and says "Following Colonel Raynor's remarks Mrs. W. H. Williams, of Columbus, sang 'Tenting on the Old Camp Ground' in a sweet voice, with such pathos that tears came to the eyes of many. The company joined in the grand chorus until the hall seemed to expand with the wealth of melody the old air contains. Mrs. Williams is a woman of a sweet and winning spirit and of bright and cultured mind, is much loved by her large circle of friends," and the writer might have added, and especially by the deaf to whom she has been a friend true and tried at all times.

Mr. C. W. Charles and George Marion went up to Sandusky last Saturday to spend their ten days' vacation. Mr. Marion returned the middle of the week. Mr. Charles sailed or steamed over to Put-in-Bay and Lakeside to bask in the lake breeze and put on an extra weight of health. He will return Monday.

Sunday morning, Messrs. J. C. Pier, Frank Schwartz and Elmer Elsey accompanied an excursion to Toledo. They met a number of mutes, and report having been well satisfied with their visit. Elmer Elsey could not under any circumstances be persuaded to take a ride on the lake. His fears of becoming bait for the innumerable frogs said to exist up in that locality, were too great to tempt him out even a few rods.

Mrs. J. C. Pier and Mrs. John Leib went over to Brice's Saturday, and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Sprague. They were joined for a day's visit Sunday by Misses Edith Biggam, Carrie Khuner and Nellie Dundon.

Mrs. R. H. Atwood left Wednesday for the East to join her husband and daughter. They will make an extended visit among friends and family relatives in Connecticut and Massachusetts.

Since sending an account of the marriage of Miss Mary Dundon and Mr. Samuel Corbett, we have been given further particulars. They were married at Wheeling by Rev. Huffman, of Mannington, West Va. Those of her friends who wish to write to her, but do not know her address, can do so by directing their letters to Mrs. Samuel W. Corbett, Box 140, Bellaire, Ohio.

Superintendent and Mrs. Knott left for Ashland on a visit. It was their intention to move their household goods to Wooster, in fact had them all packed for that purpose. But queer as it may seem, there is not a house to be had in any part of the city. Mr. Knott has therefore concluded to retain his residence in this city, and has moved his furniture into the house he owns in the northern part of Columbus. After the public schools open in Wooster, he will come down to Columbus to see his family occasionally.

July 29, '92.

Echoes of the Albany-Troy Excursion.

That the excursion recently given by the Albany and Troy Deaf-Mute Associations was a complete success, was very evident from the large number of mutes and their friends who were present.

Mr. J. H. Cutter looked happy when he received first prize of \$20 for selling 295 tickets.

Mrs. Burt secured second prize of \$7 by selling 50 tickets.

Mr. Burt said he was very glad the excursion had been such a success, as the aged couple for whose benefit the proceeds are to be used need it very badly.

Every mute was delighted when it became known that Mr. Pach was to take the group for us. That the pictures will be excellent goes with-

out saying, as his work is everywhere recognized as first class.

All the aids worked very faithfully, and they are to be congratulated. No one succeeded in getting aboard the barge free.

Some persons on the excursion thought Mr. Collins acted as a detective. Why? Because he worked around amongst the disorderly persons, he really acted as a gentleman. The sports did not taken place on account of the heat.

The profits from the excursion were larger this year than last, owing to the fact that we sold the privileges outright instead of running chances on the amount to be derived from commissioners.

The committee would like to say in reply to those who complained at not being able to get to Albany, Monday morning, that if they had taken the Troy (Citizens Line) Boat Sunday evening, they would have reached Albany early Monday morning.

Mr. Keenan expects to make up a small picnic in August. Those who would like to go, will please notify him.

Mr. Held has been the guest of Mr. Whalen, the famous deaf actor, in New York City.

Miss L. Weinbrecht spent her short vacation with Mrs. J. H. Cutter, in this city. She went home last Friday morning.

Miss Lewis received a silver medal some Sundays ago from Miss Warren, teacher of the Bible Class, for punctuality in attendance.

The writer has been very much disappointed in being unfortunate enough not to find Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Connetton at home during the several times he has called, but hopes to see them soon.

A TAILOR.

BOSTON.

"ARE YOU GOING TO HARTFORD?"
"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO WEAR?"
—NOTES.

From our Boston Correspondent.

Are you going to Hartford? What are you going to wear? Where are you going to stop in Hartford, or do you intend to bunk and get itched all up for 25 cents a night? Had I better bring a clothes-basket full of refreshments and my "home-made" beans with me? Will I get a free bed and free hash? Whaffur you want me to be a member of de convenshun? Did the circulars say I could go to Hartford and back for one dollar? Who do you think will be the next president of the N. E. G. A.? Who do you think of as a candidate for the position?

The above questions are among others too numerous to mention, but they will prove that the celebration is in everybody's mouth, and so far as I see, only a dozen will be unable to attend.

Most ladies are busy making dresses, new or old, and some proudly tell others they are going to wear silk dresses. Some of the gentlemen will wear silk hats, patent-leather shoes, diamond studs, etc.

The fare from Boston to Hartford and return, according to the certificate plan mentioned in the circulars, is \$3.85.

Mr. John Magee favors Mr. W. K. Chase as the next president of the N. E. G. A., while others favor Messrs. Frisbee, Hill, Keefe and Tillinghast respectively.

Reports come to me that Mr. A. W. Orent, who has been the subject of hard words in the Gallaudet Society of late, was frightened by the appearance of the Society's counsel, Mr. John Frisbee, at a recent meeting, and hastened to write down his resignation as secretary of the Society. He withdrew before the meeting was called to order.

Mrs. F. W. Bigelow will join her daughter May in resuscitating at Vermont, next Thursday. She will remain three weeks, and then go to Hartford with her daughter.

Photos of groups taken at the late picnic are out now. Mr. Geo. Wise is the agent.

Undoubtedly many deaf-mutes will remember Sherman House as their favorite stopping place whenever they visited Boston. It is now a thing of the past, as the inspectors condemned it as unsafe and ordered it levelled to the ground. Your reporter, happening to pass by, found it torn down half-way. The granite front was found to be composed of slabs only four inches thick. Thank Heaven it did not fall before. Ordered levelled, or we might not have lived to count railroad ties to Hartford. Adams House should be our favorite hotel at present.

The Y. M. C. A. Hall, in which the Boston Society holds its meetings, is undergoing repairs, and the services conducted by Mr. J. P. Marsh yesterday, were held in another room of the same building. There will be no more services till next September.

Mrs. M. H. Small, of Stoneham, accompanied by her young daughter, was at the services yesterday, and reported all well at Stoneham.

Rev. S. S. Searing and wife are expected here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Haynes have moved to Flint, St. Winter Hill.

Mrs. Allen, nee Ella Fowle, was busy shopping all day Saturday in Boston, and returned home with countless bundles on the eve of same day.

Mr. Stover Rines was found by your reporter in the B. & L. R. K. Station, and he was looking well—much better than before.

So-and-So.

August 1, 1892.

ST. LOUIS.

Enjoying the Sultry Season.

KILLED BY THE CARS.

From our St. Louis Correspondent.

The extremely hot weather of the past month has had much to do with the lack of indoor amusements and socials heretofore enjoyed by our community, and in place of these, they devoted the sultry days mostly to taking a promenade in the Forest and other parks, some men hire a buggy and beat the town with one of the fair sex; others spend the evenings with a feast on the "Coom's luxury," (watermelon); ice cream parties were formed and a refreshing, fast ride on the electric cars out into the country is often had. For instance, last Sunday passed thus: A barouche with two tan horses drove past the club with the mighty Kribs and Kohlmeier and two belles from the sunny part of the city in it. They did not meet with any accident to speak of, as it was expected they would return home after the style Mr. Kelling did last winter.

The old man that handles ice cream on Olive Street was halted and held while the members in the club hurriedly "nickel"ed up for a gallon. With cakes, they ate it with an appetite you can well imagine. In the evening a huge southern watermelon way lying in state on a table in Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Smith's house, waiting to deliver its grub to a small company that was there. In the event of these hot days many other equally good times were had that failed to come to the writer's observation.

The picnic and reunion of the Order of the Iron Hall, at St. Charles, Mo., last week, brought over there Messrs. W. T. Campbell, J. E. Campbell, Guss, Theurer, Fritz, Luke, McCamley, Chenot, Giblin and Mrs. Fischer, nee Campbell, of Bowling Green, Mo. They assert the day was enjoyed very much with their fraternal comrades, add the youngsters of the silent crowd were made the guests of Willie Meyer, of St. Charles.

Andrew L. Norris has made known his long absence from us—summering in Fayetteville, Ark.

No sooner had the Gallaudet Council been wiped out of existence than a dozen names of its members were rushed on the sea of sickness—no matter how light or severe. It is a very strange occurrence, only a few mutes were taken sick and given benefits while the order was alive.

James Stack showed himself at the club last Sunday after a long hiding in the woods at Cheltenham. According to his own statements, he was prostrated by the heat while working in a brick yard last Tuesday, and did not recover from the severe effects of sunstroke till Friday. With him he also brought the appalling news of the death of Christopher Crawshaw, a former day school pupil, who was instantly killed by the cars at Cheltenham on the night of Sunday, June 26th. Mr. Crawshaw was at that time looking at some men at work on the wheels of a freight car. When he turned around to go home he saw the approaching headlight of the fast mail train on the Missouri Pacific Railway, and in attempting to cross the track was caught in front of the locomotive and killed. The deceased worked in the brick yards, and his remains were interred on the following Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wolf have removed to 2828 Cass Avenue. He is now working at Searritt's as an upholsterer, and has given up hope of returning to work at the Pullman shop. J. J. Smith says it is a fog-horn conclusion that lasters on shoes are going to be thrown out of work by the introduction of patented machinery for that kind of work in a few years. So he has since been learning the apprenticeship of a brass-finisher, and aims his new trade very well.

Mr. Schwab has moved from 2914 North Tenth Street to 1011 Monroe Street. Correspondents of the club and others, please note the change.

Mr. Cloud did not hold his regular weekly service last Sunday, on account of the hot weather. A scant attendance greeted Mr. Read for the same reason.

Mrs. T. J. Brown and child went to Springfield, Mo., last Thursday, to spend the summer. They will not return until the Fall.

TARNES.

In Memoriam.

At a meeting of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League held on Thursday, July 28th, 1892, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father in His Wisdom inscrutable to man, has taken unto Himself, one of our esteemed and valued members, Mr. Mortimer B. Howe; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. Howe, we, the members, sustain the loss of a beloved brother, the memory of whose up-right and pure life will ever be an incentive to us to unselfish living.

Resolved, That by his removal this League loses a faithful, loyal member and a warm friend.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family.

BROOKLYN NEWS.

Over at Staten Island there was a surprise party given to Miss Lizzie A. Kempenaar in honor of her birthday, by her friends, which took place on Saturday, July 23d. Miss Kempenaar was away from home at the time of the party, she did not know anything about it. When she got home, she began to open the parlor door, and was much surprised to see all her friends assembled in her house.

Dancing and festivities were kept up till late in the evening. At 9:30, all the guests begin a grand march to supper, where a large table stood in the dining room, loaded with varieties of tempting delicacies.

Many birthday presents were given to Miss Kempenaar. The funniest present Mr. J. S. Orr gave her, was a loaf of bread, which was brought from Brooklyn. Among the guests were Miss F. Taggard, N. Volth, J. Kempenaar, Messrs. G. Taggard, J. B. Gass, J. S. Orr, T. Kempenaar and many others.

Miss Celia Schloss is spending the summer at Long Branch, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Frey and baby Bertie were seen on West Brighton, Coney Island. Bertie was on the sand with his pail and shovel.

Messrs. J. S. Orr and Simon Hirsch had a very enjoyable time bathing at Manhattan Beach Sunday, July 24th. Charlie Blake rode on a toboggan around the big elephant house this week.

Mr. H. L. Juhring has gone to Malone, N. Y., to pay his visit to Mr. G. Reynolds. He will probably visit Mr. and Mrs. Stengele in Utica. Mr. Reynolds will come down to this city with Mr. Juhring some time next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Frey and Bertie will spend their summer at Sea Cliff, L. I., next month.

OUR JIM.

Vancouver, Wash.

Director Watson's son, Prof. C. R. Watson, of the Missouri School, is home spending his vacation.

The feeble minded school will be opened for the admission of pupils on the 1st of September.

Miss Earley, teacher in the Oregon School, paid our institution a visit last Sabbath.

Prof. J. C. Watson, head teacher, and editor of the "Washingtonian," leaves for the sea-side shortly.

Prof. George Layton, one of our instructors, is spending his vacation in the Olympic Mountains. Mr. Layton is a great hunter, and no doubt he is making good use of his time, while in the mountains.

Our school opens on the 30th of August. There will be a number of new pupils admitted next term.

The building is being thoroughly overhauled before school opens.

The trade of shoemaking will be taught here next year.

Prof. Cecil R. Watson will leave here for Fulton, Mo., about September 3d, to resume his duties in the Missouri Institution.

Miss Hilda Watson, daughter of Supt. Watson, has returned home from St. Mary's Academy of Portland to spend her vacation. She will return again about September 1st.

Kansas Items.

Kansas City has thirty deaf-mutes, and Leavenworth only ten.

Mr. I. T. Elder, who was educated at the Olathe School, is visiting his deaf friends in Kansas City this summer.

Mr. William Games resigned as the boys' supervisor at Olathe, and is going to enter the Baldwin College. It is said that Eddie Funk, who was a compositor in the Times office at Leavenworth, went home on account of not feeling very well.

Mr. King, a graduate of the Arkansas School for the Deaf, is the printer in Kansas City.

It is said that Mr. S. T. Walker has been again elected superintendent of Olathe School. He has been superintendent for seven years.

It is rumored that Mr. C. R. Watson will have a good position as a teacher at the Jacksonville School for the Deaf next fall. He was one of the best teachers at Olathe.

Mr. Ed. Melvaine now has a good job as a compositor at Dayton, O. He was educated at the Kansas and Ohio Schools for the Deaf.

Dr. L. H. Brown, a teacher of the Kansas School for the Deaf, is now spending a month's visit with friends in Canada. He will come to Olathe to teach again.

Miss Jones, a Kansas teacher, is now visiting her friends in Topeka this summer. She is going to marry a rich gentleman of New York.

Mr. Walter Waters went to Topeka to make his cousin a splendid visit. He was a compositor at the Times office at Leavenworth.

Mr. Paul Mark, who graduated at Olathe last June, has gone to Utah, where his parents reside.

KANSAS CITY BOY.

To Manage Servants.

When engaging a servant be careful to explain her work to her, and let her understand that the work must be done in your way and not in the way of any former mistress she may have had, and this explanation must be made so that it shall not reflect upon the routine of any other household.

Try and arrange the housework so that you may have an opportunity to attend church on Sunday.

When your servants do well, encourage them to do better by a few words of praise.

Do not allow them to have visitors until after certain hours in the evening.

Give your orders for the day to the cook as early in the morning as possible.

Insist on being informed when anything is broken or lost.

See that the chambermaid wear a clean apron while making the beds, and that she knocks at the bedroom doors before entering.

Order the maid who opens the door not to leave visitors standing in the hall, nor to give parcels to strangers without previous instruction.

When you reprove, do so firmly and decidedly.

Only allow your rules to be broken once; let dismissal, with customary notice, follow the second offense.

Retain your temper under all circumstances.

Insist upon the punctuality of the family as well as upon the punctuality of the cook.

Be kind to your servants when they are ill, and thoughtful of them always; in nine cases out of ten the considerate mistress will be rewarded by faithful service.

Pay your servants' wages regularly. Do not allow them to go out without first obtaining your permission.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Putting Heart In It.

The customer was a prudent matron from the country, careful in her shopping.

"It is a pretty piece of goods," she said, "and just the color I want; but I am afraid it will not wash."

One of the shop-girls behind the counter bowed indifferently, and turned away. The other said, eagerly, "Are you going to another part of the store, madam? For it is my lunch hour, and I will take a sample to the basement and wash and dry it for you before you come back."

The colors of the fabric proved to be fast, and the customer bought it, and asked the name of the obliging shop-girl. A year afterward she was again in the same store, and, on inquiry, learned that the girl was at the head of the department.

"She put as much life into her work as ten other women," said the manager.

One of the most prominent business men of New York said once, "I have always kept a close watch on my employees, and availed myself of any hint which would show me which of them possessed the qualities requisite for success for themselves and usefulness to me."

"One day, when I was passing the window of the counting-room, I observed that the moment the clock struck six all of the clerks, with but one exception, laid down their pens, though in the middle of a sentence, and took up their hats. One man alone continue writing. The others soon passed out of the door."

"Pettit," said one, "has waited to finish his paper, as usual."

"Yes. I called to him to come on, but he said that if this was his own business, he would finish the paper before he stopped work."

"The more fool he! I would not work for a company as for myself."

"The men caught sight of me, and stopped talking; but after that I kept my eye on Pettit, who worked after hours on my business because he would have done it on his own," and he is now my junior partner."

The success of a young man or woman in any profession depends largely on the spirit which he or she puts into it. Many good workmen, who are faithful to the letter of their contract with their employers, remain salesmen and book-keepers until they are gray-headed, while others pass over them, and become head of establishments of their own. To the first class their employment is only so much work for so much wages; they "have no heart in it;" to the second, according to the old significant phrase, it is an outlet for all of their own energy and ambition. An engine, perfectly finished and competent for its work, with no fire in it, is a type of the first class; the same engine with its steam up, rushing along the track, of the second.

Be sure, boys, that you are able for your work, and are on the right track. Then don't spare the steam!

New York, August 1st, 1892.

Shopping day would be easy if you always hit the right store; but in a big city you are more likely to fall among enemies than friends. Choose your buying place as you'd chose a friend—you have a right to its best service; demand it. But you must know your store.

We want to serve you with the best of ready-made wearables for men and boys. We have all good sorts of clothing. Hats, Furnishings and Shoes. Let us send you our catalogue.

A. L. Thomas, a deaf-mute salesman, will be glad to show you our stock at the Prince Street store when you can conveniently call to look at clothing, hats or shoes.

Free deliveries to all points within one hundred miles of New York City.

ROGERS, PEET & CO.

THREE PRINCE BROADWAY, 3rd St.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

August 6—Cleveland. Picnic.
7—Cleveland, 10.45 A.M. Holy Communion.
8—Cleveland, 4 P.M. Evening Prayer.
9—Canton, 3 P.M.
10—Canton, 8 P.M.
11—Dayton, 8 P.M.
12—St. Louis.
13—St. Louis, 11 A.M. Holy Communion.
14—St. Louis, 3 P.M. Evening Prayer.
15—Terre Haute.
16—Chicago.
17—Chicago, 10.30 A.M. Holy Communion.
18—Chicago, 3 P.M. Evening Prayer.
19—Chicago.
20—Chicago.
21—Chicago, 10.30 A.M. Holy Communion.
22—Chicago, 3 P.M. Evening Prayer.
23—Chicago.
24—Chicago.
25—Chicago.
26—Chicago.
27—Indiana. Reunion.
28—Services.
Sept. 1—Columbus. Reunion.
2—Columbus. Reunion.
3—Columbus. Reunion.
4—Columbus. Services.

PICNIC

OF THE

DEAF-MUTE STATE ASSOCIATION

OF

NEW JERSEY.

AT

CALEDOXIAN PARK

(NEWARK),

Saturday, Sept. 17, '92.

TICKETS, . 25 CENTS

(Music by Prof. Burckhardt's orchestra)

Committee of Arrangements:

C. JASTRAM, Chairman, A. BOUSFIELD, J. LIMPERT.

ESTABLISHED 1830

Geo. W. Welsh

233 GREENWICH ST., cor. BARCLAY ST.

NEW YORK.

Elevated Railroad Station at the door. Immense stock, special bargains and varied assortment of

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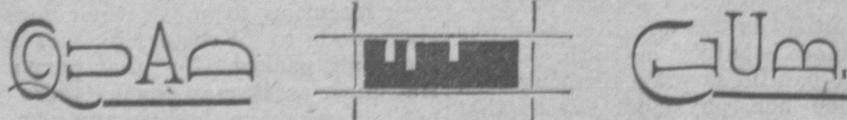
EVERY ARTICLE WARRANTED.

AFTERNOON AND EVENING

PICNIC

OF THE

FANWOOD



ON

Saturday, August 6, 1892,

AT

J. Guterding's Cosmopolitan Park,

AMSTERDAM AVENUE AND 109TH STREET.

In order to give zest and enjoyment during the afternoon, in addition to the first part of the order of dancing, the Committee has decided to hold the following

GAMES

1. Tug-of-War (Teams of Five)—Entries, 25 cents each man.
2. Potato Race. 3. Egg Race. 4. Sack Race.

(Entries, 10 cents each individual.)

Appropriate prizes will be awarded to the winners in each of the four contests.

MUSIC BY PROF. LEMLEIN'S ORCHESTRA.

The committee has made every arrangement that can conduce to pleasure, good order and enjoyment on the occasion, and respectfully solicits the patronage and attendance of the Deaf and their friends.

Committee:—EDWIN A. HODGSON, THOMAS F. FOX, JOHN LLOYD, JR.

FANWOOD ALUMNI,

ATTENTION!

Photographic Views of New York Institution. Exterior and Interior can now be had at the following prices.

Stereoscopic, (no two alike) per dozen \$1.50
Twenty-five copies, (no two alike) for 3.00
Single Views on gilt bevelled panels
3 1/2 x 4, per dozen 75
Twenty-five copies (no two alike) for 1.50

For souvenirs or presents to friends. There is nothing better. Now is the time to order.

Postage stamps taken.

R. Douglas

Livingston, N. J.

PACH'S

Convention Groups

FOR 1892.

TROY-ALBANY EXCURSION.

NOW READY FOR MAILING.

\$1.00 for Plain Mount.

\$1.25 " Panel "

All groups 11x14.

Sent on receipt of price.

Will make P. S. A. D. group at Harrisburg, in August.

Alex. L. Pach

220 North Third St, Easton Pa.

FANWOOD QUAD CLUB.

[OFFICIAL NOTICE.]

THE next regular monthly meeting of the Fanwood Quad Club will be held in the reception parlor of Mr. R. B. Saul's Washington Heights Hotel, on the evening of Friday, August 6th, at 8 o'clock. Members are requested to make full returns of unsold picnic tickets, and pay in cash for tickets sold, at this meeting. By order of the President. A. CAPELLI, Sec'y.

NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION

WILL HOLD ITS

Eighteenth Biennial Convention

IN CONNECTION WITH THE CELEBRATION OF

THE SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

FOUNDING OF THE AMERICAN ASYLUM FOR THE DEAF & DUMB.



THOMAS H. GALLAUDET, Founder.



At Hartford Ct., August 29, 30 and 31, 1892.

The following constitutes the Committee of Arrangements, appointed at the Board Meeting in Boston on Saturday evening, May 21st:—Wm. K. Chase, (Chairman), Winsted, Ct.; Herman Erbe, H. M. Fairman, John E. Crane.

Voluntary contributions for the celebration will be received and acknowledged by the Treasurer of the Celebration, H. M. Fairman, Avon Street, Hartford, Conn.

The Celebration will take place in Foot Guard Armory Hall, Wednesday, August 31. The Convention will meet in the Chapel of the American Asylum, August 29 and 30.

Any person wishing to present papers to the Convention will please notify the Secretary, stating subject, length, etc.

For any information, write to the Secretary, Mr. George C. Sawyer, 55 Otis Street, Somerville, Mass.

TRANSPORTATION.

Persons starting from any of the stations on any line named below, must buy a full fare ticket to Hartford, and at the same time get a certificate from the agent of their respective stations, telling him about the meetings of the New England Gallaudet Association. Present the certificate to the Secretary who will sign it upon the payment of ten cents each, and will also be signed by a special agent accompanying the Secretary in Hartford, this entitling the holders to one third back fare to stations from which certificates are issued.

RAILROADS.—Boston & Albany R. R. New York & New England R. R. New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R. New York, Providence & Boston R. R. Old Colony R. R.

STATIONS.—Blackstone, Mass. Boston, Mass. Bridgeport, Conn. Brockton, Mass. Fall River, Mass. Fitchburg, Mass. Kingston, R. I. Lowell, Mass. Mansfield, Mass. Middleboro, Mass. New Bedford, Mass. New London, Conn. Newport, R. I. New York, N. Y. Norwich, Conn. Palmer, Mass. Pawtucket, R. I. Plymouth, Mass. Providence, R. I. Putnam, Conn. South Framingham, Mass. Springfield, Mass. Stonington, Conn. Taunton, Mass. Waterbury, Conn. Westerly, R. I. Wickford Junction, R. I. Woonsocket, R. I. Worcester, Mass.

THE MINIMUM RETURN FARE WILL BE \$1.00 UNLESS SPECIALLY AUTHORIZED.

To avoid confusion, certificates and tickets for Hartford must be obtained from station agents thirty minutes at least before the arrival of trains.

All certificates must be obtained within three days before the meetings, and they will be good for four days (Sunday excepted) after the celebration, provided they are filled by the Secretary and special agent.

Should anyone fail to find their station in the above list, he will go to any of the above stations that is most convenient—buy a through ticket to Hartford and also get a certificate.

The object of charging ten cents for each certificate is to defray expense of special agent.

On Central Vermont R. R., full fare to Bellows Falls, or to Windsor, Vt., or from New London to Willimantic, Conn. Certificates from W. K. Chase for return tickets, one cent per mile at the offices of the above named towns.

The Boston and Bangor Steamer Co. offers round trip tickets at half rates to those going to Hartford through Boston from Bangor, Hampden, Winterport, Bucksport, Ft. Point, Searsport, Belfast, Northport, Camden and Rockland; but they will have to be furnished with certificates by the Secretary, George C. Sawyer, and in applying for them they will please enclose stamp and state how many friends will go with them to Hartford, before the 26th of August.

Mr. Hiram P. Hunt, of Gray, Me., special committee for the State, will give notice in deaf-mute papers concerning reduced rates on roads centering at Portland, by the last day of the present month.

Steamers leave Pier 24, East River, New York, daily except Sundays for Hartford at 5 o'clock P.M., returning at same time. Fare one way, \$1.50 with berth, or round trip, good for six days, \$2.25. A delightful sea excursion.

The Secretary will try and get reduced rates from New Hampshire some time this month and it will be announced in deaf-mute newspapers.

HOTEL, LODGING AND BOARDING PLACES.

The Asylum will have about three hundred free beds to offer. These will be assigned to: 1st. The invited guests. 2d. The early graduates of the Asylum. 3d. The members of the New England Gallaudet Association, and others up to the capacity of the building, giving ladies the preference. However, this matter is left entirely at the discretion of the principal. The following is a list of hotels, lodging and boarding places at special rates, all in the vicinity of the Asylum.

Farmington Avenue Hotel, two minutes' walk from the Asylum, \$1.50 per day or 50 cents for lodging only, will have about ten rooms to offer, most of these having two beds each. No deduction of pay for part of the day.

Fair View House, corner Allyn and High Streets, one block from Union Depot and very near to Foot Guard Hall, \$1.00 per day if two persons occupy same room—has about forty-five rooms.

Prospect Hotel on Church Street, \$1.25 per day.

Pratt Street House, corner Pratt and Trumbull Streets, \$1.25 per day, if two persons take same room.

Franco American House, No. 251 Asylum Street, 75 cents per day, if two persons occupy same room.

Allyn House, corner Asylum Avenue and Trumbull Street, \$3.00 to \$3.50. No special rates unless a definite number of persons make a contract.

Those lodging in the American Asylum will find many cheap dining rooms near by, where the bill of fare ranges from five cents upward.

For further information relative to board and lodging, write to Mr. John C. Crane, 191 Sisson Avenue, Hartford, Conn., with stamp enclosed.

NOTES.

The famous silver pitcher and salver, presented to Thomas H. Gallaudet in 1850, by the early graduates of the Asylum will be on exhibition during the Convention and Celebration.

Mr. Harold Douglas, of Livingston, N. J., has been commissioned to take photographs of the Convention and Celebration. The time of the sitting for the general picture will be duly announced.

Wednesday morning, August 31st, a game of baseball will be played between two picked nines, probably representing New England and New York.

Circulars containing full particulars about the Celebration, hotels and railroads are ready, and any one wishing one, can apply the Secretary, George C. Sawyer, 55 Otis Street, Somerville, Mass., or W. K. Chase, Winsted, Conn., with one cent stamp enclosed.

The feature of the Celebration will be an oration by Prof. J. B. Hotchkiss, of Washington, D. C. Poem by Mrs. Geo. E. Fischer nee Angelina Fuller. Miscellaneous addresses by Hartford Alumni and distinguished persons.

Banquet and Levee. Admission to Banquet, \$1.00. To the Levee, gentlemen 50 cents, ladies 25 cents.

OFFICERS.

EDWIN W. FRISBEE, PRESIDENT,

GEO. C. SAWYER, SECRETARY,

F. N. BIGELOW, VICE-PRESIDENT,

LEVI A. LESTER, TREASURER.

State Managers:—JOHN F. DONNELLY, Rhode Island; GEO. A. HOLMES, Massachusetts; HERMAN ERBE, Connecticut; FRED F. FLYNN, Maine; W. A. DEERING, New Hampshire.

A Sea Side Summer School of Articulation for the Deaf and Dumb.

Mrs. Lounsbury has removed to Asbury Park, N. J., where she is prepared to receive any and all who would like to learn to speak or have their articulation perfected. Accommodations at reduced rates. Sea bathing, fishing and boating included, with the health-giving and refreshing salt sea breezes. Adults only received. The best of care given. For particulars, address—

MRS. C. E. LOUNSBURY, Asbury Park, New Jersey.

Send for circulars.

FOR SALE.

A COMPLETE newspaper printing outfit of the defunct *Silent Press*, entirely new, only six months' use, cheap. Address: Chas. H. Cory, Jr., Room 19, Central Block, Dayton, Ohio.

FACTS, ANECDOTES AND POETRY ABOUT THE DEAF AND DUMB

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